

Choice Miscellany.

ANCIENT SALIC LAW.

IT PREVENTS WOMEN FROM BEING QUEENS IN SOME COUNTRIES.

No Other Law Has Caused So Much Bloodshed—Through This Code the Kingdom of Hanover Lost Its Independence and Was Absorbed by Prussia.

A relic of prehistoric barbarism, of times when women were regarded as soulless beings but one remove superior to the brute creation, is that Salic law which debars the fair sex from all rights of succession to most of the thrones of Europe. No one knows with any degree of certainty the origin of this law, although many theories and arguments have been advanced regarding it, yet there is no law that has been the cause of so much bloodshed and desolation throughout the last 800 years.

Nearly all the historic wars that have taken place in Europe since the days of the first crusade may be attributed to the existence of this law, and even in the present century sanguinary struggles have taken place on its account. Great Britain and Russia are the only two countries where it has never secured any foothold.

Spain, Portugal and Holland have within the last 100 years erased the law from their statute books, and have benefited by the change, while since the reign of Maria Theresa and the seven years' war it exists only in a modified form in Austria, and, perhaps, not at all in the kingdom of Hungary.

But it is still in force in Denmark, in Sweden, in Prussia and all the other federal states of the German empire, as well as in Belgium, Italy, Rumania, Serbia, Bulgaria and Greece, the national constitution of which, being of a more mushroom character and drawn up by enlightened statesmen of the present century, might reasonably be expected to be more up to date and free from such narrow mediæval prejudices and doctrines.

It is precisely in the three countries which are now ruled by women—England, Holland and Spain—that the greatest degree of peace and prosperity prevails, the three royal widows displaying far more common sense, enlightened statesmanship and political sagacity than any of their brother monarchs.

Under the circumstances it must be a matter of regret that the Salic law should debar a number of beautiful, charming and clever princesses from succeeding to thrones. Thus there is the pretty Princess Pauline of Wurtemberg, the only child of the present king and a young girl whom it is no exaggeration to describe as the national idol.

Yet, notwithstanding the fact that all the affection of the people is centered in her, she is compelled by the Salic law to stand aside and to permit her father's crown to descend to a distant cousin, born and bred not in Wurtemberg, but in Austria, and who, in addition to being regarded as a foreigner, has the supreme disadvantage, in the eyes of the Lutherans and Protestants, constituting the vast majority of the nation, of being a Catholic.

Although King Oscar of Norway is one of the most enlightened and accomplished of men, endowed with a character that can only be described as unblemished, he has not proved a successful ruler.

The fact is that the king, in spite of all his talents and his perfections, moral and otherwise, is entirely wanting in that personal magnetism, and, if I may be permitted to coin the expression, that public tact which distinguished his homely, genial and by no means so intellectual brother, King Charles XV.

The latter had only one daughter, Princess Louisa, who inherited his qualities, and who, in spite of her plainness, was just as much the idol of both the Norwegians and Swedes as Princess Pauline of Wurtemberg is at Stuttgart. Over six feet high, and far from being endowed with intellect above the average, she possesses the best temper in the world and an inexhaustible fund of merriment and good humor, and a heart as big as her laugh, which has been compared to that of a horse.

Had she been permitted to succeed her father as queen regent of Sweden and Norway it is doubtful whether the present conflict in the sister kingdom would ever have arrived at the acute stage, and certainly the loyalty to the throne on both sides of the border would not have reached its present low ebb. But, being debarred from her father's throne by the Salic law, she married the crown prince of Denmark, carrying out of the country of her birth all the vast wealth which she had inherited, partly from her father, and partly, too, from her Dutch grandmother, which is estimated at £5,000,000.

It is to the Salic law that the kingdom of Hanover is indebted for the loss of its independence and for its absorption by Prussia, with all the disadvantages which that entails, economic, political and social. Had Queen Victoria not been barried by this statute from succeeding to the throne of Hanover at the time when she ascended that of Great Britain there is no doubt that Hanover would have been enjoying at the present moment the same commercial prosperity and manifold advantages which have fallen to the lot of the English since the beginning of the Victorian era.

But instead the Salic law made necessary the separation of the crown of Hanover from that of England, and it passed in 1887, not to England, but to the Duke of Cumberland. His very first act on succeeding to the throne was to repeal the grant of all the popular liberties conceded by his younger brother, the Duke of Cambridge, who had been acting as viceroy, and until 1886 Hanover, although free from the obligation of compulsory military service and unhampered by any Prussian restrictions upon trade, remained a hotbed of feudalism and one of the most retrograde states in Europe.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Helpful Coterie.

"So you enjoy belonging to the Fat Men's club?"

"Oh, yes. It is delightful."

"What are some of the pleasures?"

"Why, every fat man in the club dresses at once that all the other men in the club are fatter than he is."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Any new or useful improvement upon a machine, manufacture or device not previously known may be patented.

HUMMING BIRDS.

It is a Mistake to Think They Cannot Be Tamed.



Bathing the baby is one of the joys of young motherhood. The mere sight and touch of the soft, sweet, cooling, crowing little creature are a source of infinite sorrow. This happiness is missed if either mother or child be sickly, weak, nervous, cross. If either is so, it is the mother's fault. She has failed to keep herself well and strong during the period of gestation, and the neglect shows in her baby.

All the peculiar ills of womanhood are cured by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

It relieves pain, relieves inflammation, stops diarrhea, drains the glands, and cures the organs involved.

It is perfectly safe for a woman to use this perfect healing medicine for both mother and child. It is the most marvelously efficient medicine ever devised for this purpose, and the only one that may be absolutely depended upon.

Mrs. Amanda Ellison, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "I am happy to say I follow your advice and take your Favorite Prescription" before my first child was born. I got through all right. My first child is still with me, and I am well. I take the 'Favorite Prescription' and I had a much more easy time than when my first child was born. I am well now, and I am happy to say I am the happy mother of these two boys."

Dr. Pierce's root page book, Common Sense Medical Advice, is a valuable book, and is sent free with every bottle of his Favorite Prescription.

Send 25¢ one-cent stamp to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. For cents extra (10 cents in all), the book will be sent in fine French cloth binding.

VOLTS DO NOT HARM PEOPLE.

It is the Amperage That Does the Deadly Damage.

Newspaper reporters, copy readers and head writers are in need of a primary education in electricity. Every now and again the newspapers record the death of somebody from the effect of a given number of volts, or tell of another's wonderful survival after receiving the shock of many thousand volts. Strange enough, in the newspaper accounts nobody is ever killed, nor has a remarkable escape from amperes of electricity been chronicled, nor is the damage often done by a current, nor has anybody ever seen "watts" figure in the matter. The number of volts in a current of electricity, as they must learn to know, is its power or pressure. The number of amperes is its volume. Volts without amperes would be speed without substance.

A light molecule moving with a speed of voltage of 185,000 miles per second strikes the eye without injury, but if the molecule had a weight or amperage of one two-thousandth part of a grain it would have the same effect as an ounce ball moving 1,000 feet per second. Any number of "amperes" without voltage would be a dead engine in a roundhouse.

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He who would care a "live wire" need care nothing for the volts or amperes it may have concealed about its person, but let him carefully calculate its watts before he grabs hold.—New York Mail and Express.

A Pumice Stone Barrier.

A floating barrier of pumice stone 19 miles long, over 1,000 yards wide and 15 feet deep, closing a seaport to all vessels as effectually as a boom could do, is not the sort of thing one is likely to forget, and yet that was one of the results of the Krakatoa eruption, in Sunda straits. Formed in a few hours, it would almost seem to be the supreme effort of nature in the pumice making line.

It is not that such immense quantities are found at the bottom of the sea—a queer place for pumice stone. But pumice, when produced, is really heavy. It is only the air cavities in it that make it light, and as it floats it becomes water logged and down it goes. Most of the pumice we use in Europe comes from the Lipari islands, north of Sicily, "the home of Vulcan," whence Vulcan as the name of one of them, and our "volcano" as descriptive of the natural feature of which it is the type. Here are the pumice quarries—at Monte Chirico and its craters Monte Polata and Forgia Vecchia—where over 1,000 men are at work in the narrow tunnels and galleries, lighted by clay lamps of antique form. The whole hillside is perforated with groups of these tunnels, which number between 200 and 300 and are so narrow that the men can hardly pass each other in them. And just as coal is found in beds alternated with sandstone and shale, so the pumice is in layers between harder lavas and ashes.—Leisure Hour.

Vocabulary of One Word.

"I shall never forget my first visit to Madrid," said a woman to the New York Sun man. "I was the only member of our party who knew any Spanish, and I knew but one word, that being 'leche'—milk. But by means of gestures we managed to get along until breakfast was served. Then, as luck would have it, the maid brought my coffee without any milk, and also, as luck would have it, I promptly forgot the one word of Spanish that I knew, and which of all words was the one most wanted at that moment. This time neither gesture nor yelling was of any avail; so, at last, in desperation, I seized a piece of paper and a pencil and drew a picture of a cow. Whereupon the maid tripped off and came back with three tickets to the bull fight."

Lighting Reduced to Figures.

Modern scientific discovery is fast unraveling the greatest mysteries of nature, and it now appears that there are few things that are hidden from the gaze of him who looks for them in the proper way. Lighting was formerly one of the greatest enigmas among natural phenomena. Today we know that the average electrodynamic force of a bolt of lightning is about 3,000,000 amperes, and that the time of discharge is about one twenty-thousandth of a second. In such a bolt there is energy equal to 3,450,000 volts, or 5,284,182 horsepower.—St. Louis Republic.

An Ordinary Sized Cup of Coffee.

Of the members stepped into what is known as the poor man's annex to the house restaurant and called for a cup of coffee, adding that he desired to have it hot.

The waiter reached under the counter, picked up a large wooden bucket, with brass hoops, placed it beneath the faucet of the urn and turned on the coffee.

"Hold on there!" shouted the member. "Hold on! I am no horse. I only want plain, ordinary sized cup of coffee."

The crowd in the annex laughed, but the waiter continued his work of draining the urn of its contents, and then proceeded to supply the requested beverage.—Washington Times.

The taste of beauty and the relish of what is decent, just and amiable perfect the character of the gentleman and the philosopher.—Shaftesbury.

"Dear me!" said his father. "Now, what may be the master with you?"

"I've got a headache—in mamma's head!" said the child.—Youth's Companion.

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Any new or useful improvement upon a machine, manufacture or device not previously known may be patented.

It is popularly supposed that huming birds are too delicate to endure captivity, but this is a mistake, as I personally know, says a writer in the New York Home Journal, and can give account of several that have been tamed. Living specimens of these tiny members of the feathered tribe were owned by a friend of mine awhile since and exhibited in the window of the late proprietor of Taylor's saloon, Broadway, New York. In fact, instances are numerous in which they have been kept for months, and even for a year, incaged, in England as well as in this country, and I believe that a large collection has for some time existed in the Zoological gardens, Regent's park, London. A young lady of New York has for some time amused herself with these delicate creatures as pets. They build their nests in the lace curtains and have raised little families in the parlor. There are plants for them to fly about in, and every day the florist sends a basket of flowers for them to extract honey from. They are like little rainbows flying about the room, and they light on the backs of their dainty mistress with great vivacity.

Strange as the assertion may seem, it is so true and has assumed such proportions that in the majority of the houses there is a book kept in the private office of the firm in which are written the names of the women who are known to be thus afflicted, and when they are caught in the act a bill for the goods stolen is sent to the husband, father or person who has made him responsible for the things taken. It was necessary to do this after two or three arrests had been made and the culprit found, upon investigation, to be among some well known family. It was not only necessary for the protection of the merchants against loss by the theft, but it was also more imperative from the fact that these exposures endangered his business. After such an arrest and the consequent publicity the family of the accused were very loath to trade at that particular store, and the withdrawal of such patronage meant loss of thousands of dollars to the proprietor.

This explanation was given me by the superintendent of one of the largest department stores, where, after a thorough canvassing of the principal retail stores in the city, I found that it was no mere gossip as to the existence of this book, and that nine out of ten employed women detectives, not only for the conviction of shoplifters and pickpockets, but to watch the more wealthy offenders who were afflicted with what is called a nervous disease in the medical books—kleptomania. These women are obliged to be very clever, bright and intelligent, as they must learn to know these kleptomaniacs by sight and to discriminate between the professional and the afflicted if they detect a stranger in the act of pilfering the firm's goods.—New York Herald.

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NELSON'S FOUNDRYANT

Nelson's Foundryant has been refined again at a cost, it is said, of \$100,000 and will be exhibited at the principal British ports, going first, however, to the Kiel naval exhibition. The vessel is a splendid specimen of the great 80 gun-line of battle ships. Her timbers are in good condition in spite of her 107 years. She was Nelson's flagship for nearly one year, the most disgraceful one in his career, when, under Lady Hamilton's influence, he encouraged and aided the atrocities committed by the Naples Bourbons. It was from the yardarm of the Foundryant that Prince Caracciolo, admiral of the republican fleet, a prisoner of war, was hanged without a trial. It was on the quarter deck of the Foundryant that Sir Ralph Abercromby died of his wounds after defeating the French at Alexandria in 1801.—Boston Herald.

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Woman's Department.

BARGAINS.

This article is written for those women who desire to dress well and becomingly on a small amount of money, and who do not know how to manage it, for to a great many people a bargain means something bought because it was cheap, not because it was needed. A wise woman buys the things she needs, when they are cheap; but alas, too many have no money when the cheap sales commence. Wearing the old clothes a little longer for one season, is advised so as to take advantage of the low prices. After once doing so, you will have no difficulty in the future, for this reason: Every year merchants offer unsold goods at the close of the season, at prices regardless of cost. For instance—four ladies in one family made their purchases of jackets. Each garment was bought for \$2.50. They were spring styles. They had been purchased at less than one-third of what they would have cost in April, and they were just as pretty and in just as good style as they were then. All the ladies in the house, too, had pretty dresses, two pieces. The fine ones cost ten cents a yard, and those for morning shopping or afternoon wear, were three and a half cents. They are all fast colors, and were becomingly made with ribbon stocks and belt, and narrow lace ruffles. Shoes of last year's styles, in low cut, which were marked three dollars, can be bought for one dollar and twenty-five cents, and untrimmed hats from two dollars down sell for ten to fifteen cents. Straws are readily colored and made into stylish shapes at any milliner's for half a dollar, so that if one does not have a hat this season, it may be wise to lay something away for next. Black, dark blue, brown and white, only should be bought, as the bright shades will scarcely be in so much demand another season. Novelty dress goods is nearly a good investment, but there are short lengths of staple materials which can be combined to make pretty gowns at small cost. Several stylish costumes have been seen where the skirt and sleeves were alike and the waist of some pretty light material, for instance, skirt and sleeves of soft black goods had a full waist of pale blue silk under black net with a small jet figure. Another had a waist of figured taffeta, which combined beautifully with the grayish green of skirt and sleeves. And one of tobacco brown had a bodice of salmon color. In the fall other materials could be used for waists and the large sleeves becomingly modified so as to serve another season.

But one woman queries, "How do you know about such sales?" In most cases they are advertised, except in millinery goods; you will need to keep your eyes open for the boxes of hats which are often shown just inside the doorway. They sell too readily to need advertising, and are usually offered for sale early in July, as are spring wraps. Sales of lawn and other summer goods are about the same time. In winter the cheap sales of cloaks begin about the fifteenth of December, and sometimes as early as the first they can be bought at half price. Heavy cloaks rarely sell below half price.

ECONOMY IN SOAP.

Many a thrifty housekeeper hesitates to throw away bits of toilet soap that accumulate in the soap dishes. These pieces may be made into cakes as good as new by simply cutting them into small bits and dissolving in boiling water, a teacup of water to half a cup of scrap. When melted soap in ground oatmeal or Indian meal to make a stiff batter. Pour the mixture into cups and let it harden and dry. The result will be an excellent soap for removing stains and softening the skin. Another excellent cleaning agent for the hands is a mixture of powdered borax and Indian meal, which may be kept in a box by the sink. Pieces of kitchen soap if not utilized in a soap shaker, may be made over in the same way, or if desired for scouring purposes sand may be added instead of the meal.

TEACH YOUR BOYS.

Teach them that a true lady may be found in a calico as frequently as in velvet.

Teach them that a common school education, with common sense, is better than a college education without it.

Teach them that one good, honest trade, well mastered, is worth a dozen beggarly "professions."

Teach them that, as they expect to be men some day, they cannot too soon learn to protect the weak ones.

Teach them that smoking in moderation, though the least of vices to which men are heirs, is disgusting to others and harmful to themselves.

Teach them to wear patched pants in no disgrace, but to wear a black eye is.

A FAIR COMPLEXION.

Young women who covet fair skins are neglecting a rare opportunity for accomplishing their ends if they fail to eat fruit at this season of the year. Nothing so purifies the system as a fruit diet and nothing is so agreeable and effectual a tonic just now. The good results are seen almost immediately in a clearer, softer skin, a more healthy glow, and brighter eyes. Where possible berries should form a large portion of the daily food. Pineapple is also another excellent fruit for the complexion when eaten shredded, and not in large lumps.

A small light coat for a little girl is of covered cloth, with a half fitted back and loose front, fastened with very large cut bronze buttons, the rolling laps faced with bronze corded silk. Over the white dresses which are so much worn, the gay scarlet reefer which have no other ornament than the buttons are picturesque and childlike. Linen does not find the favor for children's dresses accorded it for "grown up" gowns. Linen doesn't take kindly to grass stains, and it shrinks in washing, a drawback, indeed, when it has to be washed as often as children's clothes, the children themselves meantime shooting up like Jack's bean stalk.

IVORY SOAP
99 44/100 PURE

To retain the brilliancy of Gingham, wash them only in luke warm water, in which a tablespoonful of salt and an equal quantity of Ivory Soap to each gallon of water, have been dissolved. Dry in the shade.

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CINCINNATI.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

A PIONEER OF FEMALE SUFFRAGE
STILL HELPING THE CAUSE.

The Law and the Lady—A Daring Dress Experiment—Indignant Frauen—Autumn Frocks—Need for Women to Marry—Decreasing—White for Elderly Women.

Mrs. Abigail Bush, the pioneer woman suffragist of America, has enlisted in the campaign in California for the cause which she espoused 50 years ago, and in which she has been a faithful worker for half a century.

Mrs. Bush has reached the age of 80 years, but that does not prevent her from going into the field as a supporter of political equality. She is clear of intellect and her mind is quick and bright in the days when she was compelled to fight even her own sex in the struggle to advance the cause of equal rights to women.

Fifty years ago Mrs. Bush became prominently identified with the cause of

woman suffrage. She stepped into a fame that in those days required more than ordinary courage to bear.

Mrs. Bush was the first woman who ever presided over a suffrage meeting in the United States. That occurred in Rochester in 1847. The agitation for women's rights had been fairly developed and conventions were being held under the auspices of some of the leaders of that day.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Lucretia Mott were associates of Mrs. Bush, but when the announcement was made that a woman should take charge of the Rochester convention they immediately signified their opposition to the plan. They said the time was not ripe for women to meet at such an assemblage, if the first they can be bought at half price. Heavy cloaks rarely sell below half price.

THE LAW AND THE LADY.

A new view of "the law and the lady" was presented by Judge Gibbons of Chicago in a recent divorce case. The wife was the complainant. Both parties were over 60 years of age and had been married only two years. The husband was poor and an invalid, the wife a property owner and well to do, so the attorney for the defendant argued for alimony. This being a case in which no precedent could be cited, the judge reviewed the history of the evolution of woman from antiquity to the present time, and upon the ground that, as the new woman stands upon an "absolute equality with man so far as property rights and individual freedom are concerned," the wife must pay the family bills if the husband cannot, rendered judgment for the defendant. "Every reason of right, justice and morals," said the court, "is in favor of the proposition that the duties which the husband and wife owe to each other are reciprocal."

The Union Signal makes this point in regard to the case:

"We would ask the learned judge and those who command his judgment, if it is not time they consider also the 'reasonableness' of reciprocal relations between the law and the wife. What 'right, justice or morality' is there in denying to the wealth producing and taxpaying wife voice in a government under which the husband, though financially unable to aid in its support and physically unable to shoulder a gun in its defense, has the right to help make laws she is compelled to obey? We should have no fault to find with Judge Gibbons' decision in the aforesaid case if in the dissolution of such a matrimonial partnership the right of representation could be transferred from the incapable to the capable member of the firm."

A DARING DRESS EXPERIMENT.

The Brooklyn Health Culture club, comprising not less than 150 society and professional women, have covenanted together and agreed that the mud gathering, microbe agitating, and feet shaking long skirts must go, except on occasions demanding the conventional full dress. Every member pledges herself to displace the abominable trail with skirts short enough to clear the ground by at least three inches. For rainy or wet weather the rules call for a costume consisting of bloomers or knickerbockers, a short skirt and gaiters or boots meeting the skirt at the knee. The first rainy day after the first Monday in October is the time set for the appearance of the members in their new common sense costume.

The leader of the movement in Brooklyn, Mrs. E. Christine Lamond, the well known portrait painter, says her attention was first attracted to reformation of woman's dress when she began to ride the wheel. She has a costume the skirt of which falls just below the knee, where it meets high boots. "Often I've left my wheel and strayed through the park, sketching and the exquisite sense of comfort and freedom of move-

SHALL WE WEAR EARRINGS AGAIN?

The statement that earrings are again coming into fashion has brought the subject of piercing the ears to the attention of physicians and has evoked a good deal of comment on the future of this practice. For reasons too scientific for ordinary discussion, so the doctors tell us, the condition of the human family has grown more susceptible within the past few years, and numbers of cases of blood poisoning from piercing the ears have been reported. Whether this will restrain anybody from wearing earrings is a question that it is hardly worth while to discuss. Battle and murder and sudden death have no terrors for people who desire to follow the fashion.

What a pity it is that some one could not set the fashion for goodness, cleanliness, amiability and health and have it followed with such eagerness as that bestowed upon some senseless and silly fad! It would be of infinite advantage to the human family if such could be done.

As to the subject of earrings, they are positively becoming to the majority of women. Besides, the ears get drawn out of shape and their symmetry is entirely destroyed. This, however, counts for nothing, and it is too much to expect that any impression will be made on the rank and file of women by the statement that they may lose their lives from blood poisoning if they set out to follow this revived fad.—New York Ledger.

INDIGNANT FRAUEN.

The German matron has risen in the might of her indignation, and, while her country's new civil code is pending, her voice rings out in the capital of the Hohenzollern. If the bill passes the perpetual tutelage of the German wife and mother is reaffirmed; she will be deprived of all control over her property and actions and of all rights over her children. The new law sets upon matrimony the seal of servitude and places the frau in a position of subjection from which English, American, Russian, Scandinavian, Austrian, Hungarian and Italian women have been freed. One of its provisions, for instance, gives an unmarried woman full license to trade, but takes it away if she marries, when her separate rights over property become nil.

What wonder that even the timid frau, subdued by the traditions of age, have risen to arms! The best of them are presenting vociferous and enthusiastic appeals. Indignation meetings are everywhere in order, and Frau Augsburg recently "brought down the house" by declaring boldly that "now at last women claimed justice. If men forget their duty toward us, they must expect to be overtaken by a feminine whirlwind of indignation." And still another shouted that "they would so incite their supporters that they dared not return from the field unless victorious."

COLLETS AND CLOPPETS.

The fichus, berths and spreading lace collarates have very largely taken the place this hot weather of any sort of cape, but often after sunset there is need of some kind of covering for the shoulders. This is in many instances supplied by a very full collar of silk, liberty satin or velvet.

The cape does not meet in front, extending only a little beyond the chest near the shoulders, and its adjustment is accomplished by means of ribbon which passes under the arms and buttons in the center of the shoulders under the cape. The fronts are turned back, forming reverses revealing a pretty lining of mauve, pink, old rose or canary yellow brocade. Some of these collars are no more than 12 inches in length, but they are very full.

CLOTHES.

The feature of the new models are high girdles made of folds of different shades of velvet, also the bolero jackets made of velvet cloth, the same as the gown, trimmed with incrustations of lace and appliques of velvet.

KILLED THE MOTHS.

It isn't always well for a woman to have too many ideas. One of my acquaintances has just had one too many. It was in regard to a beautiful mink cape of hers, brand new last winter. She packed it away last spring with some absolutely infallible moth balls. As a consequence when she took it out for examination a fortnight or so ago she found a few moths in it. Immediately she had her idea. She would steam that cape. She did it. She put it into a big steamer and steamed it for two hours. The furrier thinks that by careful management he may be able to make a tiny collarette out of the remains. However, the steaming killed the moths.

EAT WANTED AN HEIR.

An old "sea-dog," Captain John Cross, who has been a mariner for many years and is living a life of retirement upon a splendid farm in Orange county, went to New York City early in August, to find a daughter, an adopted one, who would take the place of two dear ones since dead and gone. He advertised in the dailies, and was soon visited by hosts of children and their parents. He is very wealthy, and has been looking for five years for a child of 15 who would suit his fancy, and who he would educate and endow with a fortune upon her coming of age.

First procure at any drug store the two little packages of powder that are used in making seltzer water. Then take an empty bottle of thick glass, and fill it about a third full of water. Dissolve in this water the bicarbonate of soda contained in one of the little packages, and put the powder of the other (tartaric acid) into a can and roll up into the form of a pin. Put this pin into the neck of a little cylinder with a lead of bottling wax, and suspend your cartridge thus made to the cork of the bottle by means of a pin to which a thread is attached; only be careful to have your thread of such a length that the bottom of your cylinder does not touch the liquid.

Elsie, with her girlish beauty and dignity far beyond her years, had caught the old captain's regard at first sight. He sent all of the others away, and talked long and earnestly with the mother, who bore plenty of evidences of tenement-house poverty. It was evident that neither mother nor girl wanted the separation. Want—almost hunger—had driven them to it. The girl's father was dead, her mother had married again; the stepfather was unable to provide. Still she wept as she heard the two talking of sending her from that wretched home forever. She loved her mother, and would suffer anything to be with her—but the mother had concluded that the rich old captain, and his promises of a fortune to her, were the best of all.

First procure with its little attachment well into the bottle, and behold your artillery charged. All that remains to be done is to fire it off. To do this it is only necessary to place the cartridge horizontally in two lead pencils placed vertically upon the table and lean a third against them as indicated in the design. Hand a fourth match to any one present and ask him to light the air with it; aid the three others all together.

Like all the little games of combination this is very simple—after you know what to do, but I have seen it tire the patience of an innocent architect and even a great civil engineer.

Just lean the fourth match lightly against the first in order to let the third fall under the one you hold. Then lower the hand so that the third may pass into the angle formed by the first two. Now lift into the air the match which you hold in your hand and the others will come with it, two on one side and one on the other.

Dear Boys and Girls: I thought that I would write a few lines for the young folk's column as I never did before. My father has taken the *Maine Farmer* for over 28 years and we all like the paper very much. I have been away visiting to my sisters in North Pittston. I came home last Monday. I had a real nice time while I was gone. My father lives on a farm, we live in a small house, but we are very comfortable.

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Maine Farmer.

ESTABLISHED IN 1833.

Published every Thursday, by
Badger & Manley,
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 20, 1896.

TERMS.

\$1.50 IN ADVANCE; OR \$2.00 IF NOT PAID
WITHIN ONE YEAR OF DATE OF
SUBSCRIPTION.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

For one inch space, \$2.50 for three issues
and seventy-two cents for each subsequent
insertion.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.

Mr. G. S. Ayer, our Agent, is now calling
upon our subscribers in York county.Mr. J. W. Kellogg, our Agent, is now calling
upon our subscribers in Penobscot county.The Bangor people are taking measures
to erect a \$20,000 statue to Hannibal Hamlin.At Auburn Park, the New Jersey
summer resort, they propose to stop the
sale of ice cream, soda water and even
the Sunday papers on the Sabbath.The potato crop is looking nearly as
well as last year's. The momentous
question now is, how will the price
look?Every patron, and as many others as
possible should visit Oak Grove next
Wednesday, Aug. 26, and hear National
Master Brigham of Ohio, one of the best
speakers of the day. With him there
will be State Master Wiggin and State
Lecturer Stetson.In the counties of Washington and
Hancock, in 1895, there were more than
6,000 people directly engaged in the dif-
ferent fishing industries, the product of
their labor summing up \$2,300,000, from
which was paid for labor alone \$950,000.
There is also invested three-fourths of a
million dollars in appliances for carrying
on the business.The idea that the seasons are short
for raising corn in Aroostook County,
seems to be somewhat refuted by the
fact that Reuben Sylvester, of Washburn,
has nearly one half an acre of western
corn, some of it over ten feet high and
all of it over nine. Besides this he has
another half acre planted to Indian corn
which averages seven feet high. The
ears on both are well set.The entries to the Maine State Fair
are simply immense, and an exhibition of
Maine stock and products assured at
Lewiston unequalled. The parade of
fat cattle will be something not seen for
years. Every citizen of Maine takes
pride in the State Fair. It is elevating
and clean, free from everything objection-
able and full to overflowing of the
cream from Maine herds, farms, orchards
and homes.The peach crop this season is allowed
to be a big one, for a wonder. Hereafter
there will probably not be so many failures
of the crop, as now peaches are raised in a
number of States, and the failure in one section
will not mean the failure in all. Besides Maryland and Delaware,
which used to furnish about all the
peaches, they are now shipped from
Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri
and Kansas. Even Massachusetts is being quite a peach growing State,
having, it is estimated, 600,000 trees.
Peaches are expected to be cheap, and we
hope we are not too far away from the
supply to get some of the good ones. A
good many we get are more like bullets
than good peaches.A striking object lesson to persons
who sign notes with friends or relatives,
was given in West Paris last week by
the suicide of Mr. Kingsbury Curtis, a
respected citizen of that place, 78 years
of age. Mr. Curtis had favored a relative
by signing a note of three hundred
dollars and had it to pay some six weeks
ago. On the Monday afternoon when
he hung himself, he received a notice
from a Portland bank that there was a
bank note, endorsed by him, due and
payment demanded. This evidently ex-
cited the old gentleman and he at once
committed suicide. It is learned that
the probabilities are that Mr. Curtis did
not sign the Portland note, now due,
and an investigation will be had.The Pine Tree State Seed Co. of Bath,
importers and growers of choice flower
and vegetable seeds, has been making a
splendid record the past season in its
special line of business. The company
has the advantage over seed concerns
located outside the State, in dealing in
northern grown vegetable seeds, and
their tested flower and vegetable seeds
will grow. Mr. W. R. Kimball of the
company has forwarded to us numerous
fine samples of flowers and vegetables
grown by the firm the present season, in-
cluding five new varieties of tomatoes,
two of beans, one sample of Black Nubian
pepper, one of Red Currant tomato, the
smallest grown, one of the Chrysanthemum
Sunflower, and several of sweet peas.
A curiosity in the collection is a
spray of sweet peas with nine blossoms,
which Mr. Kimball states is the largest
he has ever seen. The company is grow-
ing over fifty varieties of sweet peas for
seed.Dr. Nansen, the bold young Explorer
of the Northland, returns from the Polar
ocean, but the mystery of the pole, to
reveal which so many lives have been
sacrificed and so much suffering under-
gone, remains still a mystery. But he
has succeeded in penetrating nearly four
degrees nearer the goal than any adven-
ture in these ice-bound regions who
preceded him. The fascination which
the Polar problem has for the human
mind is attested by the efforts and sac-
rifices which men have made to solve it, and
the sufferings and hardships which
they have willingly undergone in the
attempt. Some have tried to take it by
direct approach: some have laid siege to it, and have moved northward by slow
stages; Nansen hoped that the blind
drift of the ice would bear him to it; Andree
dreams of discovering it from his
balloon. But though the north pole
still remains untraversed by man, the
efforts to reach it add constantly to the
scope of human knowledge.

OUR RURAL SCHOOLS.

Perhaps there is no question of life in
our country towns which is so serious a
one at the present time, as that of the
condition of the public schools. There
is no disadvantage from which farmers
suffer more severely, than that of inferior-
ity of their schools as compared with
those in the cities and larger towns, for
it is a fact which has long been recog-
nized, and more especially of late, that a
large percentage of the schools in the
agricultural sections of the State, are
doing very unsatisfactory work. Maine
is a State of magnificent distances and is
by no means densely populated. There
are extensive areas sparsely inhabited
and with few children, and the query
presents itself, how can these be given a
good common school education. It is
the duty of the State to furnish school
facilities for her scholars. There is no
denying this. The education of the
young is one of the fundamental prin-
ciples of our form of government and
should be adhered to without any varia-
tion. It is not equitable that the
children of residents in the city should
receive thirty-six weeks, or more, annual
schooling under trained teachers in the
public schools, while the sons and daugh-
ters of our farmers are forced to submit
to a much less number of weeks, often-
times less than half, with the teachers
frequently inexperienced, without training
and completely unfeited for the duties
which they undertake.

The Fair of Maine—The Maine State Fair.

The Maine State Fair is to be one
of round of attractions this year, and Aug-
31, Sept. 1, 2, 3 and 4, should be re-
served as vacation days to be spent at
Lewiston. The magnificent grange
parade, Tuesday; military day, Wednes-
day, with the State militia in line; beau-
tiful floral parade, Thursday, are but a
few of the many features to be seen.
Two hundred or more decorated bicycles
will be in line for the parade, Wednes-
day. The show of cattle, sheep, horses
and all farm and home products will be
as large or larger than ever. Bicycle
races daily. Great list of entries.
The trotting, pacing and running races will
be the best ever seen on this track.
There will be addresses, Tuesday, by
National Master Brigham and others.
Hood's celebrated Brigham and Berkshires
will be shown in a large tent.

His last annual report he gave the
results of his visits. Of the schools ins-
pected, six per cent. are ranked as "ex-
cellent," twenty-one per cent. as "good,"
thirty-two per cent. as "fair," and forty-
one per cent. as "poor" or "very poor."
He enters into an extended description
of what he found in the schools classed
as "poor" or "very poor," criticizing the
condition of the schoolhouses, the capacity
and appearance of the teachers, the
work done, and the demeanor of the
pupils, besides touching upon other
points. A truly startling condition of
things is revealed in these classes of
schools. Teachers are reported as "defi-
cient in education, ignorant of modern
methods and lacking in personality."
The lowest estimate that can be fairly
made of the incompetence of the teach-
ers is that one-fifth of them are not fit-
ted to fill the places which they occupy."

Mr. Stetson says: "This means that
there are over one thousand teachers in
the State where education is so deficient
as to render them failures or intruders.
Assuming that these schools are only in
session twenty weeks, and admitting that
they cost the town only \$150 each for the
full year, the aggregate sum paid for
keeping these schools is \$150,000." He
found that a large number of the school-
houses were tumble-down structures
totally unfit inside and out for the
purposes intended.

The English commission merchants are
happy over the prospect of a big move-
ment in American apples the coming
season. One of the largest foreign com-
mission houses have issued their annual
circular report on the European apple
crop. They say: England can only take
one year ago in its provisions for ex-
hibition purposes. New stalls and pens
have been constructed, and the rough
surface so smoothed as to make it pos-
sible to circulate around with a measure
of ease and comfort. Another thing
that is very desirable is that there is
room enough—that is, land room—so
there is no crowding.

Maine trout, all ages, varieties and
sizes will be shown in their permanent
tanks at the grounds. Excursion trains
will run from every section with special
rates for all who attend. It is the great
fair of the east and better this year than
ever. We say to all our readers—go to the
Maine State Fair.

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happy over the prospect of a big move-
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Rigby Park has been greatly improved
from a year ago in its provisions for ex-
hibition purposes. New stalls and pens
have been constructed, and the rough
surface so smoothed as to make it pos-
sible to circulate around with a measure
of ease and comfort. Another thing
that is very desirable is that there is
room enough—that is, land room—so
there is no crowding.

The collection of stock, cattle, sheep
and swine, is immense, and exceeds all
previous records of the society. It is a
safe estimate to say that there are more
than thousand head of cattle on ex-
hibition. They fill every stall, overflow-
ing into the horse stable, and then several
large herds are obliged to put up with
being yarded out in the open air. Com-
paratively, the sheep and swine depart-
ments are equally well filled.

The arrangement of this stock on the
grounds, more particularly the cattle,
was confusion worse confounded. No
effort at classification was apparent.

First a herd of Ayrshires were beside the
Herefords, followed by a herd of Jerseys
and of Holsteins in turn.

A. J. Keniston of Dixon also exhibited
a large selection of fancy stock and
English white-eyed cumborts.

William Johnson of Boston also exhibited
a large selection of turkeys, geese, ducks
and hens.

Thomas Brown of Fitchburg, Mass.,
shows 30 pairs of various breeds of
chicks and fowl.

J. S. Larabee of Scarboro Beach
shows some fine Fekins and Wyandots
and Barred Plymouth Rock chicks.

C. Peterman of Cumberland Mills shows
a good assortment of hens.

William Ballard of Portsmouth, N. H.,
also has a fine assortment.

William Pullen of Gorham has a num-
ber of cages of White Plymouth Rock
Fowl.

J. D. Brown of Fitchburg, Mass., exhib-
ited 50 pairs of hens, ducks and geese.

J. N. Eastman of Lewiston has a very
fine collection of Black Wyandots fowl
and chicks.

P. H. Freeman of Fitchburg, Mass.,
has one of the largest exhibits in the
department.

William Ballard of Portmouth, N. H.,
also has a fine assortment.

William Pullen of Gorham has a num-
ber of cages of White Plymouth Rock
Fowl.

Charles H. Ward of Lewiston has 100
pairs of turkeys and hens.

Among the many fine herds brought
from outside the State, the Holsteins
bore a conspicuous part. Ex-Governor
Goodwin, Antrim, N. H., showed a choice herd
of 14 head.

J. W. D. Whitecomb, Littleton, Mass.,
showed 17 of the same breed. Several
cows of these herds have made notable
records of milk production.

The Dutch Belted cattle are a breed
closely allied to the Holsteins, of which
they were shown by J. H. Bond, Charlton,
Mass., and S. F. Marsh of Sutton.

Of Shorthorns a very creditable herd
of 14 head was shown by W. H. & W. C.
Street, Cummington, Mass. The roan
bull, Standard Bearer, 2 years old, was
as fine a show animal as the herd, and
often graces a show ring.

The same breed was shown by E. F.
Wiggin, Meredith, N. H., 5 head; and
Cottrell Bros., Hoosick Falls, N. Y.

Guerneys are rapidly multiplying in
New England, and Maine is putting in
her share.

From outside there was a herd shown
by F. B. Buckley, Valley Falls, N. Y.,
of 16 head, that were a credit to the
breed and the owner.

J. A. Palmer, Lisbon, Conn., showed
20 head, among them some fine speci-
mens.

A new Maine exhibitor appeared with
a choice herd of this breed, Robert W.
Lord, The Elms, Wells, 8 head, large,
showy and of great capacity.

Later on when she went back to the
boarding house, she recovered from her
hypnotic state and wanted her watch back.

Both she and her son went to Dr. Simp-
son and Miss Shepard and asked for it
but were told that it was not the custom
of the Lord, whose agents they were,
to give back gifts once received.

It has been definitely decided to
hold an immense firemen's muster in
Rockland about September 17. The con-
tests are open to the State with valuable
prizes. Citizens generally have pledged
generously.

George Gould, the New York Cossack,
son of Jay Gould, has been cruising along
the Maine coast in his palatial steam
yacht, The Anchors. He visited Bath
and Boothbay Harbor, last week.

He also says that the country schools
should be graded. Experience has made
it clear that is as easy to grade a rural

as a city school. The only danger lies in
making the divisions too numerous, and
attempting to do too much in the way of
details.

Aug. 31st and Sept. 1st there will be
conventions of town superintendents at
the State House, to consider measures for
improving the rural schools. It can be
an important meeting and is hoped to be
productive of improvement in the schools.
The superintendents will all come from
country towns, and over two hundred and
fifty have announced that they will

THE NEW ENGLAND FAIR.

A Birds-eye View.

The thirty-third annual exhibition of
the New England Agricultural Society,
opened at Rigby Park and City Hall,
Portland, on Monday of this week. The
time of our going to press with this issue
of the *Farmer*, admits of only a birds-eye
view of the occasion, and what was there
found and heard. The meager interest
manifested a year ago in this exhibition,
showed the necessity of putting forth
every possible effort if the exhibition
was to, in any sense, score a success.

As a matter of fact, Portland is not
a great going city, and this, with the
further fact that our State is large is
more interested in its own fair to be
held later, and therefore gives it
a birds-eye view.

Governor Cleaves will deliver the address
of welcome. Hon. W. T. Harris,
United States commissioner of education,
will be present during the sessions and
will deliver two lectures: subject, first
lecture, "What Shall be Studies in the
Elementary Schools;" second lecture,
"Moral Education in the Elementary
Schools Related to School Discipline."

Other noted speakers are expected,
including a representative of a committee
appointed by the American National Edu-
cational Association to study the coun-
try school problem. The improvement
of teachers and school superintendents,
and the best method of creating a deeper
local interest in the schools will be
among the questions discussed by the
convention.

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The Maine State Fair is to be one
of round of attractions this year, and Aug-
31, Sept. 1, 2, 3 and 4, should be re-
served as vacation days to be spent at
Lewiston.

The horse which attracts the most atten-
tion on the grounds is the great Joe
Patchen, and he is as kind and docile as
a baby. His stall is constantly crowded
with people anxious to get a look at the
great pacer.

Mr. John Cheeney of the Leech Stream
Stock Farm has Early Bird, Nicola,
that won first money at a race at Mystic, last
week, and others.

The Muster Hill farm of Braintree,
Mass., was in charge of Driver James
Brady, who has come with Monturo and
other drivers.

Ed. Bither of Readville, Mass., has a
fine string of fast ones.

Col. Galvin of Boston has his fine
string there.

One of the finest exhibitions of horses
is that of Mr. John Barret of Deering,
who has Westland, Emma Westland, who
is a three-year-old gelding of 2.28%,
and 12 others.

Amos Rathbun of Montreal, has Silver
Plate, with a record of 2.12%.

Mr. F. D. Dwinell of Mechanic Falls is
one of the few drivers who has horses there.
He has Queen Wilhelmina.

Joe Cotton, the fast runner of Boston,
who is the winner of three Derby's has
a fine string of fast ones.

Mr. James S. Sanborn of Lewiston
Junction, of the firm of Chase & Sanborn,
proprietor of the Elmwood farm

CITY NEWS.

Despite the silversmiths throughout the golden rod in full bloom throughout the State. The Misses Hebert & Shea, milliners, made an assignment to M. S. Holley for the benefit of their creditors. This office is indebted to Dr. A. C. comb, the dentist, for a generous handful of fragrant pond lilies which he tendered on one of his bicycle trips in the country.

—Who would take the chance of having their house blown down by a tornado, or wind when you can have it insured against such risk for 25 cents per \$100 for three years? Macomber & Co., Augusta, are now writing policies of this kind.

—The National Guard, who go into camp on the State muster ground, Saturday, do so of their own free will. They have only five days' pay, viz.: for Sunday and Friday of next week, inclusive, and they receive nothing for their service Saturday and Sunday.

—Mr. John V. Lane of the *Kennebec Journal*, whose editorial services have been so valuable to that paper, has been given a few days' outing at Ocean Point, has been out deep sea fishing, sailed Monhegan, and indulged in the amusements which are a feature of life at a resort.

—Petitions are being put in circulation to prevent fishing through the ice at Cobbossecontee. Last winter hundreds of fine trout were taken from the ice by set lines. It is uphill business breaking these waters, when such wholesale depletion of the fish as this is allowed.

—The wild blackberry crop is an exceedingly bountiful one this season. Berry pickers are retailing them in Augusta at 10 cents a quart, and even at this price do not find a ready market for them. The summer has been a very favorable one for the growth and maturing of these berries.

—Governor Stone of Missouri, and wife, are stopping at the Rockledge, Port Popham, for a few days. They expect to visit Augusta before their return east. The Governor was chairman of the Bryan notification committee, and was coming as far east as New York, included that he would see something of the Maine summer resorts.

—The Executive Committee of the State Grange will meet in this city to-morrow, among the business which it will have to consider will be the determination of the place of meeting by the next State Grange. Invitations have been received from Bangor, Skowhegan and Augusta. The city council of Augusta have voted to tender the free use of the new City Hall to the patrons if they conclude to meet here.

—Mr. Sawyer of Vassalboro dropped in to the Farmer office this week bringing him a large last year's potato which had remained since last season in a cellar of Mr. Charles Gardner of Vassalboro. When the potato was dug, later, a piece had been sliced out of one end, and in the cavity two perfectly formed potatoes, about one inch in length had grown, and remained attached to the parent tuber. It is a freak worth seeing.

—Notwithstanding the business depression, the mills of the Edwards Manufacturing Company continue running full time. The location of the mills and the conditions under which they operate are such that manufacturing is carried on as economically as in any mills in the country, and the looms can be kept running when other less favorably located mills are obliged to close their doors. There has never been any strike of any importance here, which attests to the ability and liberality of the management.

—It is learned that a syndicate has been formed by Augusta and other lumbermen for the purpose of building a railroad for transporting lumber from Dead River, through the forest, a distance of 15 miles, through what is known as the Easton township. They have purchased teams, rails, materials and supplies for the road, and will ship them to the destination as soon as a road snow can be built this coming winter. Next spring the work of building the road will commence, and the syndicate is in hopes of completing it the following fall. It will be a sort of a portable affair, built upon the ground with no road bed. The object of this is to be readily set up to a timbered tract of land, and the rails will be taken up and a new road built in another direction. It is estimated that all available timber in the reach of the road can be cut inside five years.

—KENNEBEC COUNTY NEWS.

—Nearly all of the summer boarders have left for their homes. The Woods will which has been idle several months will soon be started again. Mr. Charles Hancock of Dover, N. H., will have charge of the running of it.

—Mr. Ben Tenney of Hallowell, having purchased a number of Connecticut pieces of naphtha launch which he will use in the waters of the Cobbossecontee. The raft is 21 feet in length and is finished with the natural wood. The seats are of mahogany, and all metal parts are nickel plated, including the smoke stack.

—Rudolph, the young son of C. B. Rudolph of Hallowell, had a narrow escape in a stable near the horse when he was animal jumped and knocked him down. One of the horse's hoofs just hit it only knocked off the skin. The horse was somewhat bruised.

—George Smith, deck hand to the steamer Island, had a narrow escape from a fatal accident, Saturday evening, when the boat was about to land at South Portland. He went to throw the line over one of the anchor chains on the wharf, when he slipped and went under. The water was at the wharf, and only by his presence of mind, did he escape being crushed to death. Those who saw the accident held their breath until they saw him come up at the stern, uninjured.

—A large number of citizens crowded into the aldermen's room, Friday evening, at Winslow Park in Waldo county. The veterans will club there, hereafter. The speakers were presented by the C. S. Billings Relief Corps. Speeches being made by Helen Clark, Thomas of Winslow. The response was by Dr. A. J. Billings of Freedom, the president of the day. The dedicatory address was very fine and interesting to the people assembled, and was given by Hon. Seth L. Milliken. Speeches followed by H. R. Dawson, the president of the Waldo County Veterans' Association; John Gordon, Captain McSymonds of Portland, and others.

—The hall storm of Sunday, at Carrabunk, was one of the most destructive ever experienced in that vicinity. Although the shower was of short duration a vast

Items of Maine News.

Sales Talk

With Hood's Sarsaparilla, "Sales Talk," and show that this medicine has enjoyed public confidence and patronage to a greater extent than accorded any other proprietary medicine. This is simply because it possesses greater merit and produces greater cure than any other. It is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story. The advertisements of Hood's Sarsaparilla, like Hood's Sarsaparilla itself, are honest. We have never deceived the public, and this with its superlative medicinal merit, is why the people have abiding confidence in it, and buy

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Almost to the exclusion of all others. Try it. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Son, Mass.

Hood's Pills with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Are the only pills to take

amount of damage was done. The half storm seemed to reach a distance of about two miles along the Kennebec, the heaviest striking Carrabunk village. The first damage done was at Tom Morris's on the west bank of the river, where the wind blew off about 10 feet of the roof of his barn, and ruined the crops. From there the storm swept on to the village and for 15 minutes raged with terrific fury. Hundreds of squares of shingles were torn from the roofs. All crops are ruined, all grain lies flat upon the ground and can only be used for fodder. At Cony Sanborn's, where the storm struck the hardest, the barn stones stave many of the shingles, which were long cedar ones, into silvers. Mr. Sanborn's loss to crops and buildings is estimated at between \$400 and \$500; that at Mr. Webster's between \$50 and \$600.

An irate father in Brooks, armed with a long rawhide horsewhip, made things rather lively for a young man in Jackson a few days ago, and it is possible he will be tried for assault and battery to the story. Loring Hollis, a young man of Troy, called at the house of Russell G. Hamblin, a well-to-do farmer, who lives in the western part of Jackson. At the house Hollis met Hamblin's 15-year-old daughter, and it is alleged that in the course of the conversation he used very indecent language. The girl became afraid and ran out to the field where her father and brother were and told them about Hollis. Mr. Hamblin and son hastened to the house, but Hollis had escaped. Loring hampered the chase, the irate father started in pursuit, accompanied by his son. When near the Robert Hanson place in Thorndike, they came upon Hollis. Immediately Mr. Hamblin jumped from his carriage, snatched his raw-hide horsewhip from the socket, and, it is reported, caught hold of the young fellow and struck him several times with his long whip. There is a prospect of further proceedings.

GRANGE NEWS AND NOTES.

—The State grangers met at The Weirs, N. H., Thursday. The evening exercises were held in music hall at 8, when Hon. W. W. Stetson of Auburn, superintendent of schools in Maine, and lecturer at the Maine State Grange gave an address on "What We Owe the World."

In the same hall preceding the lecture the officers of the State Grange conferred the sixth degree on a number of candidates.

—Arrangements have been made for a grand Grange festival under the auspices of the Somers Pomona Grange at Lake-Wood Grove, Madison Center, Thursday, Aug. 27. National Master Brigham and State Master Wiggins are to be present. Programme, opening at 10 A. M. sharp.

1. Prayer.

2. Address of welcome by S. F. Emerson.

3. Recitation by Victor Grange.

4. Address by State Master Wiggins.

Afternoon session, opening at 2 P. M. sharp.

5. Recitation by Miss Lulu Tixer.

6. Recitation by Miss Annie R. Maddocks.

7. Address by National Master Brigham.

—On January 4 and 5, the Fram was firmly frozen in ice or more than 50 feet of measured thickness. The necessary provisions with the canvas nayaks and other equipments had been placed in safety upon the ice. Every man was ready to leave the ship if necessary. But the Fram proved even stronger than our trust in her.

—The leadership of the expedition on board the Fram I left to Captain Sverdrup. I have no doubt that he will bring all the men safely back, and even if the worst should happen and the Fram lost, which I consider improbable.

—On March 1, we reached 84 degrees 4 minutes north, Johnson and I left the ship.

—On March 1 we reached 84 degrees 4 minutes north. Johnson and I left the Fram March 14, 1895, at 88 degrees 50 minutes north, and 102 degrees 27 minutes east. Our purpose was to explore the sea to the north and reach the highest latitude possible, and then to go to Spitzbergen via Franz Josef Land, where we felt certain to find a ship.

—We had 28 dogs, two sledges and two kayaks, and open water.

—The dog food was calculated for 90 days and our provisions for 100 days.

—We found the ice in the beginning tolerably good traveling, and so made good distances, and the ice did not appear to be drifting much. On March 22 we were at 85 degrees 10 minutes north.

—Although the dogs were less enduring than we hoped, still they were tolerably good. The ice now became rougher and the drift contrary. On March 25 we had only reached 85 degrees 10 minutes north, and on March 29, 88 degrees 30 minutes north.

—We were now evidently drifting fast toward the south. Our progress was very slow. It was fatiguing to work our way and carry our sledges over the high hummocks constantly being built up by the floes grinding against each other. The ice was in strong movement and the ice pressure was heard in all directions.

—On April 3 we were at 85 degrees 36 minutes north, constantly hoping to meet another ice. On April 4 we reached 86 degrees 3 minutes north, but the ice became rougher, until on April 7 it got so bad that I considered it unwise to continue our march in a northerly direction.

—We were then at 86 degrees 14 minutes north. We then made an excursion on skis further northward in order to examine as to the possibility of a further advance, but we could see nothing but ice of the same description, hummocky beyond hummock to the horizon, looking like a sea of frozen breakers.

—Discussion of the topic "Possibilities of the Grange," opened by Brother C. N. Blanchard.

—Selected by Sister Myra Fletcher.

—Discussion of the topic "The Grange," opened by Brother C. N. Blanchard.

—Song, Sister M. A. Hilliard.

—Recitation by Victor Grange.

—Song, Brother Whitmore.

—M. L. R. PURINGTON, Sec'y.

—There will be a special meeting of Somers Pomona Grange with Bingham Grange, at Bingham, Tuesday, Aug. 25 at 10 A. M.

—Programme.

Song by choir.

Address of Welcome, Bro. Foster Smith.

Response, Bro. W. E. Ellis.

Opening Oration.

Business of 5th degree.

Conferring of 6th degree.

Dinner.

Afternoon session, opening at 2 P. M. sharp.

5. Recitation by Miss Annie R. Maddocks.

6. Address by National Master Brigham.

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—On April 1 it rose to eight degrees below zero, but we soon sank again to 30. When the wind was blowing in the temperature we did not feel comfortable in our too thin woolen clothing.

—To save weight we had left our furs aboard ship. The minimum temperature in March was —49 and the maximum was —24. In April the minimum was —38 and the maximum —20 degrees below zero.

—We saw no sign of land in any direction. In fact, the ice of ice seemed to move so freely before the wind that there could not have been anything in the way of land to stop it for a long distance off. We were now drifting rapidly northward.

—On April 8, we began our march toward Franz Josef Land. On April 12, our watches ran down, owing to the unusual length of the day's march. After that we were uncertain as to our longitude, and the time of day dead set. The sun was fairly correct. As we came south we met many cracks which greatly retarded our progress. The provisions were rapidly decreasing. The dogs were killed, one after the other, to feed the rest.

—In June the cracks became very bad and the snow was in exceedingly bad condition for traveling. The dogs and the ski and sledge runners broke through the superficial crust and sank deep in the snow. Only a few dogs were now left, and progress was next to impossible. But unfortunately we had no line of retreat.

—The dogs' rations, as well as our food, were reduced to a minimum, and we made the best way we could ahead. We expected daily to find land in sight, but we looked in vain.

—No land was to be seen, although we had ex-

DR. NANSEN'S RETURN.

In August, 1893, Dr. Nansen, the intrepid Norwegian explorer, in his ship the Fram, specially designed and built to resist the ice, sailed on a trip northward into the Polar ocean, his design being to reach the North Pole. His scheme was to enter the ice floe, make fast and drift to the pole, his belief being that northward current would carry him to his destination in the course of several years. His vessel was manned by a picked crew of hardy men, and thoroughly equipped. He did not reach the goal for which he was striving, but succeeded in reaching the highest latitude hitherto trod by the foot of man, namely 88 degrees, 14 minutes north, the most northerly point previously made being 83 degrees, 24 minutes north. We therefore, had to make our way by balancing from one ice piece to another, and we did not reach land until Aug. 6, at 81 degrees, 38 minutes, 63 degrees, 45 minutes east.

"The Fram left Jugor Strait, August 4, 1893. We had to last shot a harpoon seal and as the snow became constantly worse, I determined to wait. We now had a supply of seal meat until it melted away. We also shot three bears. We had only two dogs left, which were now well fed upon meat.

On July 22, we had at last shot a harpoon seal and as the snow became constantly worse, I determined to wait. We now had a supply of seal meat until it melted away. We also shot three bears. We had only two dogs left, which were now well fed upon meat.

On July 24, we continued our journey over tolerably good snow. On July 24, when about 82 degrees north we sighted land at last, but the ice was very where we were. We had to make fast and drift to the pole, his belief being that northward current would carry him to his destination in the course of several years. His vessel was manned by a picked crew of hardy men, and thoroughly equipped. He did not reach the goal for which he was striving, but succeeded in reaching the highest latitude hitherto trod by the foot of man, namely 88 degrees, 14 minutes north, the most northerly point previously made being 83 degrees, 24 minutes north. We therefore, had to make our way by balancing from one ice piece to another, and we did not reach land until Aug. 6, at 81 degrees, 38 minutes, 63 degrees, 45 minutes east.

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Poetry.

BABY ASLEEP.
Baby has gone to the land of dreams!
Hush, or you'll wake him! How still it seems!
Carefully shut the bed-room door,
Noiselessly tiptoe across the floor.
See how sweet he looks as he lies,
With fringed lids shutting the dark brown
eyes;
One red palm pressing the dimpled cheek,
And his red lips parted as if to speak.
Yonder, in the low rocking chair,
Is a broken playing—his mother here;
And there, beside the door,
Lie a mazy heap of many more—
Jackknives, picture-books, marbles, ball,
Tallies monkey and headless doll.
And new, bright pennies, his special joy,
By the father hoarded to please his boy.
There lies his shoes on the kitchen floor,
That all day long have pattered o'er—
Battered and chubbly, short and wide.
Worn at the toes and cracked at the side;
And there hangs the little dress he wore;
Scarlet flannel and nothing more;
For these clings about it a nameless charm,
For the sleeves are creased by the dimpled
arm.

Little feet that are now so still,
Will ye ever walk in the paths of life?
Rosebud lips will ye ever part,
Bring me back to the heart?
Keep O mother that baby brown
Ever as pure from stain as now;
Lead him through life by thy guiding hand
Safely into the better land!

—Good Housekeeping.

A DREAM.

I shall a dream of boyhood's joyful days,
When tramping o'er the meadows wild and
free.
With not a care or furrow on our brow
To change a heart beat in the last degree.
We scaled the hillsides as in younger days
And took from hidden spruce a quenching
glean
That sparkled bright with sunlight's cheerful
rays
When o'er this pathway we were wont to pass.

We listened to the bleating of the lambs
While skipping round their mothers in their
play
And watched the gopher while he sought his
hole
As boosie chewed her end beneath the tree.
The rustling leaves played sweetest, dreamy
tunes,
As then to the lovely Junes gone by,
The crickets chirped in marshy meadows wide,
While lightning gleamed with phosphores-
cent fly.

We dreamt the clouds were feathery beds of
ease
On which to lay our weary bodies down,
As in the fancy of our childhood days.
We'd ride the swiftest cloud and wear a
crown.

The water in the brook, so calm and clear,
As o'er the pebbles lulling whispers spoke
That told the secrets of its mountain path
While on its quiet journey to the lake.

Now lay we down on green and mossy bank
And watched the sportive minnows at their
play
While nibbling crumbs we scattered for a
feast—

A sun returns to come some other day.

While dreaming thus the spell was sure to
break,
Too soon was marred this rapturous, youth-
ful bliss

By ringing bells that tolled the hour of seven,
And with their tones we gave good night a
kiss.

—Minneapolis Tribune.

ONE HEART.

I sometimes linger o'er the list
Of friends I lost in other days,
And with the question, "Shall I be missed?"

I doubt if others think the same,
Or even who have thought.
They are foolish who have sought
To leave a never dying name.

When thou hast run thine earthly race,
Thou will not have a world in tears,
Nor will man come in after years,
To view thine earthly resting place.

Thy poor remains will rest as well;
Thy spirit will be no less free.
Although it can not be to part
A Milton or a Raphael.

Pray not thyself, but heaven thank
If all the good that thou canst do
May be so done that only few
Need ever know thy place is blank.

Be thankful if but one true heart
Shall feel for thee the moment's pain—
Ere it can say, "We meet again!"—
Of knowing what it is to part.

One loving heart thou mayest crave,
Lest it thou cannot for the earth
Shouldst be to have a lasting worth
And end forever in the grave."

One faithful heart beneath the sky,
In which to leave a seed of love,
To blossom in a world above
And bear a fruit which shall not die.

—C. J. Boden in Chambers' Journal.

SOME OF MY COUNTRY KIN.

(Here are some of my country kin
Come to visit me.) Walk right in.
I know you have journeyed many a mile—
Take off your bonnets and rest awhile.

(What funny old fashioned bonnets they are,
But I wouldn't tell them so for a star!)
How you do look! Come in and tell me all
What have you to tell me to tell?

(Indeed! They are some note
Of all they have for some note to quote.)

(The young Lord April and Lady May
Meet in the woods and kissed them.)

A mocking bird heard the kiss and made
A song just like it, so it is said.

And listening to that tolltale bird
The eye in the oldest tree was stirred.

(The naked boughs into green leaves slipped:
The long buds unto flowers tripped;
The little hills smiled as if they were glad;
The little rills ran as if they were mad.)

(There was green on the earth and blue in the
sky.)

The chrysalis changed to a butterfly.

One loves, the honey bee, all-a-hum,
To find her home in the blossoms.

(All the woods are a thrill with life and love,
From the proud old oak to the cooling dove,
And all because of that tolltale bird
Who set to music the kiss he heard.)

—Outing.

A LOVE POEM.

Your boy is a thief,
They soberly said
To a dear little mother one day—
"I've got a boy in a pickle,
We have to count it out;
He has stolen our hearts away."

(Such quaint little tales,
Such droll little ways
And such merry, childlike play
Have made us forget
We are old and worn
And have stolen our hearts away.)

"My boy is so sweet,
So good and so true,
Said the dear little mother another day,
"I am glad he is rich
In the best of best things
And has stolen your hearts away."

—Katherine B. Walker in Boston Globe.

TACT.

Hail, graceful tact, that to no fool denies
A charm to tame the wild and cheat the wise!
And without lying reaps the gain of lies!

That courteous wile kills without a blow,
And with a yes contrives to act a no.

Can compress a volume into "Oh!"

That wins by losing and by serving reigns,
By silence argues, and by giving gains;

That throws its stones, yet saves its window
panes;

That looks like porcelain when 't made of
dust,

And siltering by its very storm of poif.

Tricks all the world—yes, even tricks itself.

—Detroit Free Press.

Our Story Teller.

A WEDDING PRESENT.

"Now for it," I said to myself as I undid the twine binding my precious volumes together and prepared to examine them more carefully than I had had time to do since I unearthed them from the little, dark, secondhand bookshop that afternoon. There was nothing remarkable about them; no rare editions of well known classics, no long forgotten books, valuable from their very obscurity, merely a few bound volumes of old magazines and a couple of the novels which had delighted me as a boy, and which from old association were more precious in their original type and polished leather binding than in the spruce modern editions. Best of all was a copy of Dickens' "Master Humphrey's Clock," with the woodcut illustrations which bore the name of "Master Humphrey's niece," Anastasia French.

The words "his wife's niece" had somehow seemed familiar to me, but it was not until the allusion to "Master Humphrey's Clock" had supplied another link in the chain that there flashed into my mind the remembrance of the will hidden in the old copy at home—Michael Darcy's will, with its bequest to "my wife's niece, Anastasia French." I could hardly keep the excitement out of my voice as I link after link in the chain of evidence was supplied to answer to my question. I found that her real name was Anastasia, now cut down to Anna French; that her uncle's name was Michael Darcy, and his farm was known as Carrignalea. In reply to my query as to her reasons for believing that her uncle had made a will in her favor, she said:

"After my poor uncle got the paralytic stroke of which he died he made several attempts to speak, and as far as we could understand his words were always about money and about having 'made it all right for Annie.' Besides our old servant always declared that about a week before his illness he had called her and another woman, who was accidentally in the house, into the sitting room and made them witness a paper which he said was a will. When they had finished signing, he said, half to himself, 'Now my mind is at rest about Annie.'"

"Why did he not get the will properly drawn up by a solicitor?"

"He was fond of reading lawbooks and knew something about law himself. He had sometimes made wills for other people, and I never heard that there was anything wrong about them."

"And the will could not be found?"

"The will could not be found. We hunted everywhere for it in vain, and then Patrick Darcy, who was also named residuary legatee, while the sum of £3,000 in railway stock and other investments were bequeathed to "my late wife's niece, Anastasia French," it was, as far as I could judge, and I had had some experience in matters of the kind, properly executed, signed and witnessed.

It was odd to find an important document of this sort hidden away beneath the leaves of a book. Had Patrick Darcy and Anastasia French been left without their inheritance in consequence? I wondered. I would make some inquiries about the matter next day. It would be easy to find out all about Michael Darcy of Carrignalea. Meantime, the will could remain between the leaves of "Master Humphrey's Clock."

But the morrow found me flying along by express train to the bedside of my only son, who had met with a dangerous accident. And for many weeks I could think of nothing but him and of the best means of snatching him from the extended arms of death. And when, by God's mercy, he was once more as safe from those clutches as any one of us can ever be, Michael Darcy, his will, heirs and executors, had faded out of my mind as completely as if they had never entered it, and the will was resting undisturbed in its hiding place among my books.

Some 13 months later I went in a regular course of my practice to visit an old friend, who was suffering from an acute attack of pneumonia. She was an elderly lady, living alone some two or three miles outside the city. Her servants were faithful and attached, but in the absence of relatives I thought it better to insist on the services of a trained nurse. As the patient grew better and I had time to notice less important details, I perceived that Sister Anna, besides being an excellent nurse, was a very attractive young woman. She had pretty brown hair with golden lights in it waving and rippling all over a well shaped, well set head; her eyes were dark brown, and her complexion though pale, clear and healthy looking. She was fairly tall and well built, with a look of strength and vitality pleasant to see. Her voice was low toned and pleasant, while her choice of words and manner of speaking showed her to be an educated woman.

Late one October afternoon, after a hard day's work, I drove down to Lisburn to visit my patient, whom I had not seen for two or three days.

"Where is the sister?" I asked during a pause in the gossip with my old friend which succeeded our brief professional interview.

"Look out of the window," was the reply.

I went over to the deep bay window which formed one end of the room, and looking across the long garden, stretching behind the house, beheld Sister Anna, her prim cap laid aside, her pretty head showing above the soft gray shawl in which she had wrapped herself, and walking by her side a tall figure which I did not at first recognize. This was Laurence, Mrs. Darcy's nephew. He was clerk in a bank and hoped soon to be made manager of a country branch.

The young people were by this time coming up the steps leading from the garden, and presently they entered the room. Sister Anna came forward to speak to me, a pink flush on her usually pale cheek, a new light in her pretty brown eyes. Laurence Moore stood behind her, an expression of supreme content on his handsome face, while Mrs. Power looked on, quiet and keen eyed.

"I bought it, my dear, at a second-hand bookshop a year or two ago. It was only the other day I discovered that you had an interest in it. Turn to the picture of Barnaby and his raven. I think you will find something there that concerns you."

She turned the pages with a practiced hand until she reached the one she sought.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "here is my uncle's writing! How strange it seems to find it here!"

She glanced quickly over it, the color fading out of her cheek as she did so. "It is the will," she gasped—"my uncle's will!"—Chambers' Journal.

WITHOUT A HEART.

There is really very little in this story. Indeed, it would never have been written but for the woman's dearest friend, who, dying alone and uncared for, with a heart full of bitterness toward the whole world, begged that a pile of yellow letters be opened and read after her death. "She would have had me burn them," she said in a tremulous voice, "but that I will not grant her. All else I granted her. Nevertheless there was only one other woman who she wronged more deeply. Let us both be avenged in the reading of this."

This would have been all were it not for the old yellowed letters which have been mentioned. They were not so old and yellowed when the kinswoman found them the day before she departed for her own home, hidden in an obscure corner of a forgotten piece of furniture, and started as she recognized the dead woman's handwriting and signature.

"To my dear love!"—What was this? No name on the superscription, but in the letter the fondest terms of endearment, the most passionate expressions of love and trust and womanly clinging. She read the other letters, all written in the same vein, as from a woman who gloried in showing her whole heart to her lover, to whose name and identity there was given, however, no clue. The kinswoman brought them to the writer's friend. "Here," she said, "look and see the living proof that your woman who said she had no heart was human after all. There are more of these letters than I can count. They are of all dates, written as well as recent—one was written the week before she died—and they are all addressed to some man, some lover, of whom no one ever guessed."

"I might say that I am hardly in her set. Tom has met her, though she is said to be good. She is a leader in her set, and has as many young men running after her as she probably finds convenient. Her father is the chairman of the Great Southern Railway company, in whose employ Tom and I are fortunate enough to be."

"Mary Summerhayes! Why, she would never come here! It is almost ridiculous suggesting such a thing. You don't know her, do you?"

"I'm sorry to say that I don't know her. Tom wants Mary," the young man went on, "and perhaps if she came to him she might save his life. I think it is worth trying; at any rate, it cannot do any harm."

"But who is Mary? You told me that you did not know."

"Yes, I know I did; I don't know for a certainty, but I think I could pick her out in a crowd. Tom never told me her name, but he told me a good deal about her. Putting one thing and another together, I think I may venture to say who Mary is."

"And who is she, Bob?"

"She is the unattainable, as Tom called her. She is wealthy, she is beautiful and she is said to be good. She is a leader in her set, and has as many young men running after her as she probably finds convenient. Her father is the chairman of the Great Southern Railway company, in whose employ Tom and I are fortunate enough to be."

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Horse Department.

Cephas, the Maine gelding, goes right on winning races in and about 2.12, proving his great staying powers.

The two-thirty list for 1896 is not yet very large, but the number below that which have reduced their records is creditable to the State.

As was predicted, the gent's driving classes at the State Fair will be large this year, and visitors will have a good opportunity to see the best drivers of Maine line up together.

We look to see some great races at Bangor and Lewiston at the two fairs, and as the classes are made up chiefly of Maine horses, the records will be a credit to the State.

St. Croix, Jr., finished third at Mystic, last Thursday, with seventeen starters, time 2.10 1/4, 2.17 1/4, indicating that the little horse is ready to clip his record when called upon.

Complete and reliable reports of our fairs are to be expected when the men sent out to do the detailed work have to seek information as to the significance of the terms "filly," "barrow," "gelding," etc.

It must be mighty interesting reading for the public to wade through two columns, reporting a horse race, and then not be able to tell what horse won or the time made. There is need of a little education in the reporter's gallery or the make up room of some of our dailies.

We look to see Marion, the daughter of Dictator Chief and Gray Nose, take a mark below two-twenty before the season closes. Mr. Haley has in this mare a great one, and when put to breeding, one which will surely prove a mine of wealth. She has size and conformation.

Men cannot afford to wait six or seven years for colts to mature, and therefore must exercise more care in breeding, selecting sires of size to be sure, but not the long, leggy, thin bodied specimens, which do not fill up until after years of growth. Breed for style and finish as well as length of legs and record.

The popular idea that the age of a horse can always be told by looking at his teeth, said a veterinary surgeon, "is not always correct. After the eighth year the horse has no more new teeth, so that the tooth method is useless for telling the age of a horse which is more than eight years old. As soon as the set of teeth is complete, however, a wrinkle begins to appear on the upper edge of the lower eyelid, and a new wrinkle is added each year, so that to get at the age of a horse more than eight years old you must figure the teeth, plus the wrinkles."

In the great majority of cases where races are held, the results are so condensed that no interest attaches with the general public. Why not give the full summary, the position of each horse at the close of each heat, and the time of each heat. This "best time for the race" does not tell which horse made the record, for split heats are frequent. Summaries to be such must carry a little information beyond the fact that "Jim Brown won the race, best time, 2.20." With the chances that some other horse got the mark, those who seek to follow the records and make condensed notes for future reference are all at sea. Give the facts; these are all that are wanted.

It is often the case that horses of medium size prove the victors when their powers of frame are so concentrated and adjusted as to gather and extend the legs with the greatest degree of force and least expenditure of power. Tall, rangy stallions, but smoothly fashioned, often bequeath a lathiness and want of symmetry to their offspring. Of all the foundation family of sires, George Wilkes possessed the greatest amount of power, muscle and speed in the smallest possible compass. The popular combination size of to-day, for getting track and road horses, is an enlarged pattern of this description, but flying-gaited like Ethan Allen, the Morgan king.

Hundreds of people complain of their horses being side refiners or crooked travelers, while poles and side straps by the hundreds have been used by trotting horse trainers to try to straighten these crooked actors, says "Trotter and Pacer." It is not the fault of the horse that he is crooked or that he is an ugly disappointing animal. It is man's own fault. It has been surprising to me that no one has ever called public attention to this fact before now, as being the true cause and origin of all the above mentioned unpleasant habits. The remedy is to use colts and horses alike on either side at all times, and in all of the different ways in which a horse or horses may be used. A universal application of this apparently new order of working around horses will have to be instituted by all horsemen far and near, to remedy some of the ills mentioned above. Personal attention will have to be given to grooms and helpers and in many cases to the owners themselves, who are so confirmed in this habit that it has become chronic with them as well as with their grooms.

CHARACTER AND INFLUENCE OF OUR FAIRS.

Just at this time, with the season of agricultural exhibitions just opening, it is not out of place to discuss their character and influence, not only on exhibitors but the thousands of visitors who will pass the gates. In years past the idea has obtained to some degree that it would not do to question sharply all that transpired, that the public needed these exhibitions as safety valves, where things otherwise objectionable must be winked at. Of late there has been a change, public sentiment has demanded cleaner fairs, and out of this demand there has come improvement in the great majority of cases. The *Mirror* and *Freeman* of a late date say:

"The quality and character of side attractions, and their extent, compared with the agricultural exhibit, determines the character of the fair, and is a matter of prime importance. * * * Whatever side shows are admitted, or entertainment provided, the agricultural ex-



THE MOST SUCCESSFUL REMEDY FOR MAN OR BEAST.

Certain in its effects and never blistered. Read proofs below:

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE

Dr. E. J. KENDALL, Dec. 10, '93.

Sirs.—I have used your Kendall's Spavin Cure with good success for

curbs on two horses and it is the best

Liniment I have ever used.

Yours truly, AUGUST FREDRICK

For Sale by all Druggists, or address

Dr. E. J. KENDALL COMPANY,

ENOBURGH FALLS, VT.

FAIRS TO OCCUR.

Androscoggin Agricultural Society—At Livermore, Aug. 20th and 21st. Vt. Fair Agricultural Association—At East Sebago, Sept. 15th and 16th. 17th.

Buxton and Hollis Agricultural Society—At Buxton, Sept. 1st, 2d and 3d.

Cumberland County Agricultural Society—At Rockwood Park, Gorham, Sept. 8th, 9th and 10th.

Durham Agricultural Society—At Durham, Sept. 22d, 23d and 24th.

Eastern Maine State Agricultural Society—At Maplewood Driving Park, Bangor, Sept. 1st, 2d and 3d.

East Somerset Agricultural Society—At Hartland, Sept. 8th, 9th and 10th.

Fairlee County Agricultural Society—At Fairlee, Sept. 1st, 2d and 3d.

Gray Fair—At Gray Corner, Aug. 25th, 26th and 27th.

Hancock County Fair Association—At Weyman Park, Ellsworth, Sept. 1st, 2d and 3d.

Kennebunk County Agricultural Society—At Kennebunk, Sept. 1st, 2d and 3d.

Maine State Agricultural Society—On their 10th Anniversary, Sept. 21st, 22d and 23d.

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Poultry Department.

Have you cleaned out all the culs and poor stock, all the males except the one kept for breeding next year? If not, have a bee and get rid of everything which will not pay a profit between now and next March. Weed out the dead wood from the flocks and get down to a cash basis.

If a pound of sulphur is burned in a poultry house, no lice will remain, as the gas evolved from it will destroy all life. First stop up all the cracks and openings, and when ready, have a hot pan placed on two brieks, pour the sulphur on the pan, leave as quickly as possible, and shut the door. Do not open the door for an hour. If done properly, the house will be purified of any disease that may exist and the lice destroyed.

SELECT THE BEST.

Did you ever notice that certain hens in the flock always seemed more alert and active than others? See how perhaps half a dozen out of thirty or forty are always running around, singing, perching their heads up in a "Don't you see I am a ruster" kind of a way, and doing more work in an hour than the rest of the flock in four. Take care of these. Separate them from the rest of the flock. Look after them with great care, and by breeding them carefully to choice males you can raise up a strain of fowls that will be phenomenal layers. Now don't sneer at this idea. It is a fact, and one worthy of your looking into.

WORE THE DIAMOND IN HIS LEG.

A Story of the Way the Orloff Stone Was Taken From Persia to Russia.

Gus Fox, a dealer in diamonds on Fourth street, has a story about the famous Orloff diamond, named after Count Orloff, the first European who bought it. Fox says: "It was originally the eye of an idol in Trichinopol. It was stolen, according to the accepted account by a Frenchman, who escaped with it to Persia, where he sold it for the equivalent in our money of \$8,000 to a Jewish merchant.

"The Jewish merchant sold it to an Armenian named Shafra, who had traveled in Russia and conceived the idea of taking the diamond to that country and selling it to the Empress Catherine for a great sum. Shafra paid him \$60,000 for it.

"Having secured the stone, the next question with Shafra was how to get it to Russia, or rather how to conceal it when he was searched by robbers, as he was sure to be on the road. The journey was a long and perilous one, and thieves abounded everywhere. Shafra thought of swallowing the stone when he should be taken by the robbers, but was obliged to give that plan up, as the diamond was too large to swallow.

"He began to feel he had a white elephant on his hands when this thought occurred to him. He procured a sharp lance, made a cut in the fleshy part of his left leg and thrust the diamond into the wound. He sewed up the cut with a needle and a silver wire. It healed, leaving the diamond imbedded fast in the leg quite out of sight.

"Then he started for Russia. On the way he was seized by robbers again and again and was thoroughly searched.

"Being an Armenian and suspected of going to Russia to trade, the thieves marveled greatly at finding nothing of value upon his person.

"He arrived in Russia at last, and after extracting his diamond, visited the empress. He was willing to sell it for about \$150,000, but the empress had not so large an amount in cash for the purchase, and Shafra preferred to go on to Amsterdam, the seat of the diamond cutting industry, where he had the stone polished.

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Items of General News.

Ten cases of small pox are reported at Paducah, Ky.

Japan has just suppressed a rebellion in Formosa which had been in progress since June 25.

Alvois Dinkelman, while insane, shot his wife and committed suicide in New York, early Sunday morning.

The Manhuset house, Shelter Island, L. I., was destroyed by fire Thursday morning. The loss will approach \$200,000.

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Saturday morning, at 4 o'clock, in a collision at Tordi, on the Baltimore & Ohio

Southeastern Railroad.

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They cost 35 cents only. See that he gives you the right kind, the "L. F." Avoid imitations.

ADAMSON'S BOTANIC COUGH BALSAM CURES COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, HAY FEVER, AND ALL DISEASES, LEADING TO CONSUMPTION.

Regular Sizes 35¢ & 75¢

The Doctor Says:

"I have tried calomel and all the remedies that are now in use by the profession. Still you are not cured. When I was a boy, my mother used to give me 'L. F.' Atwood's Bitters. One or two doses invariably cured. Our druggists always keeps them. Get a bottle, and I know you'll be all right when I come again."

They cost 35 cents only. See that he gives you the right kind, the "L. F." Avoid imitations.

BUSINESS Education

Actual business by mail and common carrier at

The Shaw BUSINESS AND SHORTHAND College

Portland and Augusta, Me.

F. L. SHAW, Principal. — Portland

Notice of Assignment of His Appointment.

At Augusta, in the county of Kennebec, and State of Maine, the 10th day of August, A. D. 1896.

The undersigned hereby gives notice of his appointment as Assignee of the estate of Samuel H. Grange, of Andover, in the county of Kennebec, Insolvent Debtor, who has been declared an insolvent upon his petition by the Court of Insolvency for said county of Kennebec. F. J. C. LITTLE, Assignee.

2142

Kennebec Fomona.

A regular meeting of Kennebec Fomona was held with Clinton Grange, Aug. 12, and was called to order by Worthy Overseer A. T. Clifford of Winthrop, who called Past Master H. J. Barton of Windsor to the chair, and Mrs. Ella Kennebec, Secretary of Riversdale was seated.

The 6th degree was conferred upon a class of 28 members.

After an excellent dinner the meeting was again called to order, and the following attractive programme was presented.

1. Singing by the Grange choir. 2. Recitations by Ella May Dixon and Burtie Dixon. 3. Banjo solo by Sister Warren and Bertha Goodwin. 4. Song by Grange choir. 5. Question:—"Practical lessons in a short hay crop," opened by A. T. Clifford, followed by F. C. Drumm, H. G. Goodwin, and M. C. H. Burton. 6. Duet by the Misses Warren. 7. Selection by Mrs. Ann Powell. 8. Dialogue in charge of Sister Pollard. 9. Recitations by Ella May Dixon and Sister Wight. 10. Song, C. H. Greeley. 11. Question:—"What the Grange needs to make it interesting during the busy season," opened by Mrs. M. A. Getchell, Riverside, followed by Brothers Meader, H. Garland, Fuller, Clifford, Barton, Lamb, Metcalf and Drummond, and Sisters Pollard and Kennedy. 12. Solo, Sister Goodwin. 13. Solo, Sister Warren. 14. Solo, Sister Wight. 15. Solo, Sister Wight. 16. Solo, Sister Warren. 17. Solo, Sister Goodwin. A vote of thanks was given Clinton Grange for their cordial welcome, beautiful entertainment and pleasing literary programme. Eleven Granges in the county were represented. 18. The field day meeting at Oak Grove will be held, Wednesday, Aug. 26. Next regular meeting will be with Windsor Grange in September.

\$100 Reward. \$100.

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dread disease that science has been unable to cure in all the world. That disease is called Catarrh. Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, it can only be treated by removing the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up his constitution. The disease is not of itself. The properties have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for the cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75¢.

The Markets.

men were armed and returned the fire. The battle lasted about three minutes, and about thirty shots were fired. The strikers then fled. Four men were shot, one fatally. George Plum was shot in the head and another workman was shot in right leg and shoulder. Two of the strikers were shot. One, George Kersan, was shot through the lungs and will die.

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"I have tried calomel and all the remedies that are now in use by the profession. Still you are not cured. When I was a boy, my mother used to give me 'L. F.' Atwood's Bitters. One or two doses invariably cured. Our druggists always keeps them. Get a bottle, and I know you'll be all right when I come again."

They cost 35 cents only. See that he gives you the right kind, the "L. F." Avoid imitations.

ADAMSON'S BOTANIC COUGH BALSAM CURES COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, HAY FEVER, AND ALL DISEASES, LEADING TO CONSUMPTION.

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